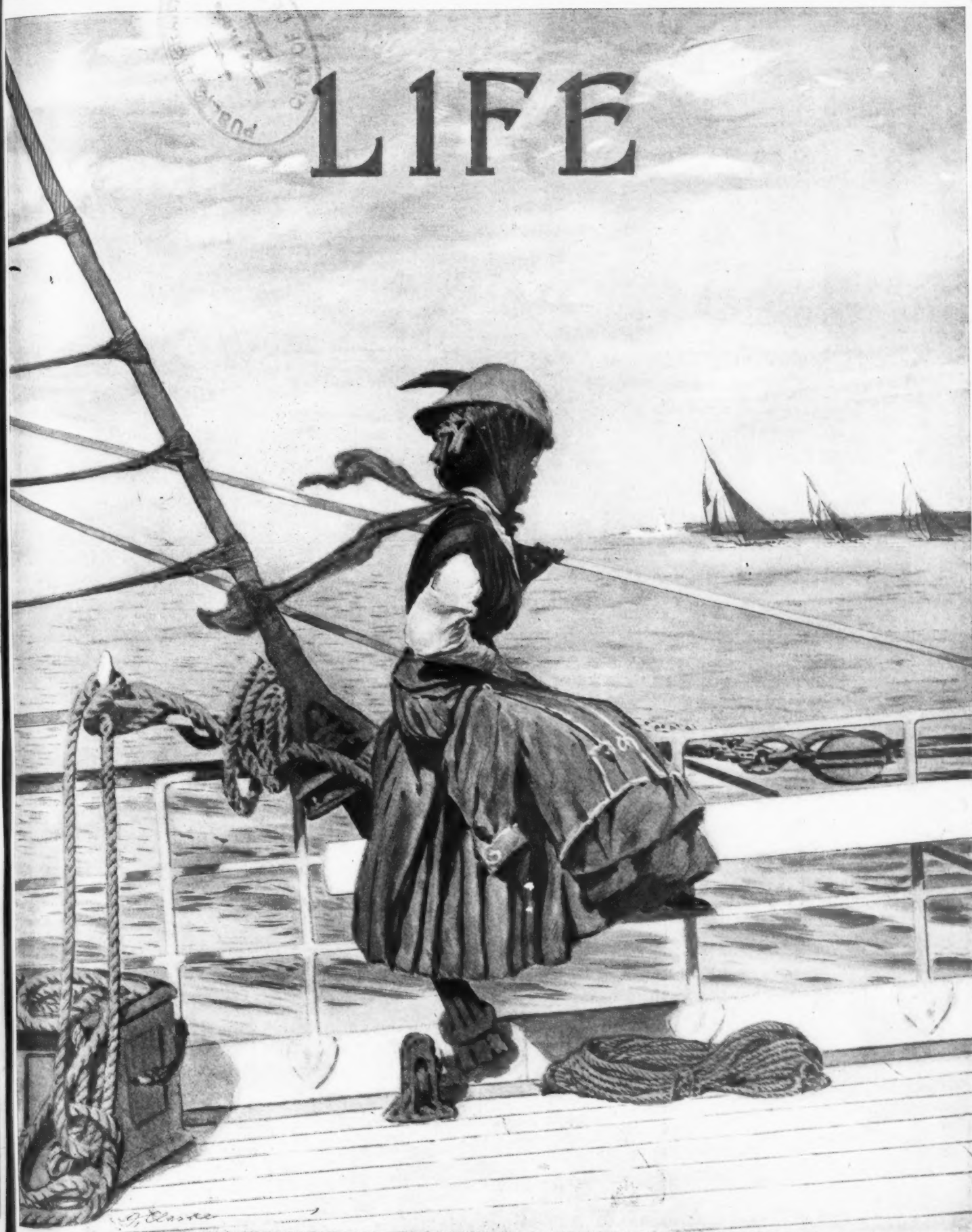


LIFE



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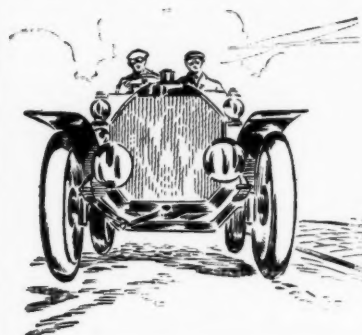


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STEINWAY PIANO

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LIFE

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COWARDS!!

John o'Dreams

WHAT a world that was you planned us—

Made of Summer and the sea,
Where the very wind that fanned us
Drifted down from Arcady.
There where never Fate might sunder
Rose your castle's shining beams.
Are you there to-day, I wonder,
John o'Dreams?

That was but a trick Life played you
When this planet knew your birth,
When she trapped your soul and made you
One of us on dreary earth.
Since for you what fancies crossed it,
Lures of alien stars and streams;
Have you found the path or lost it,
John o'Dreams?

Just a little day in May-time
Once I took the road with you;
Just a boy and girl in play-time
With a vision to pursue.
I but glimpsed the glow around it
Ere I turned, and yet it seems
Sometimes that you surely found it,
John o'Dreams.

Theodosia Garrison.

Africa

IF Africa has furnished us with a negro problem, it has also solved that other one as to what to do with our ex-Presidents. So it is about an even thing.

Africa supplies us with lions and elephants for our circuses, porters for our Pullman cars and diamonds to wear at our breakfast tables. It also keeps us furnished with boys' stories and magazine articles.

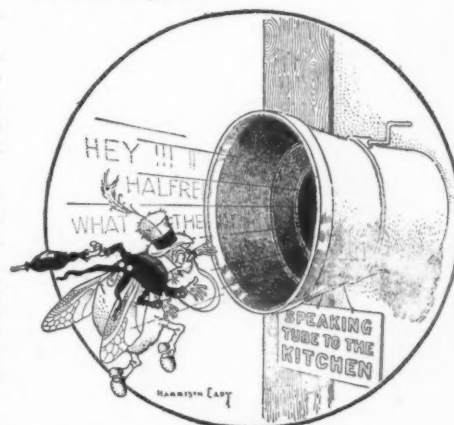
If there had been no Africa there would have been no Boer War, and England might have saved herself a black eye.

Africa has a Desert of Sahara, which equals in popular interest a National Prohibition Convention, and a River Nile, which enables travelers to spend their money freely as far as the Second Cataract.

Africa also has a Sphinx, but it is now understood that Mr. Roosevelt will fetch it back with him and install it in Oyster Bay, where it will be a warning to all future generations.

"HOW does Peterby get along with his wife?"

"How should I know? Why, I would just as soon ask him how he got along with his creator."



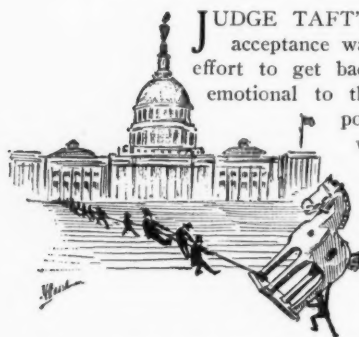
Mr. Bug: GEE! THERE MUST BE A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN THE SUBWAY. I'VE HEARD THIS SHOUTING FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LII AUGUST 20, 1908 No. 1347

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



JUDGE TAFT'S speech of acceptance was an honest effort to get back from the emotional to the actual in politics. There was a great deal of it, and it was pretty solemn reading, much better suited to keep for reference than to assimilate all at once. The Judge seemed to try to say what he thought on every subject on which the voters had a right to want to know his opinion. He told just how little tariff revision and just how little change in the injunction law he favored; just how much physical valuation and just how much anti-trust law he was for, and so on. There wasn't a sensation in the speech, nor a striking phrase. It was the kind of speech that you could hang on a hook till you had more time, and go on working.

This is the kind of Presidential utterance we have been longing for, now, for several years. The Judge writes, not like a professional writer, but like a judge. He does not seem to be bitten with that instinctive yearning to amuse, edify or astonish, which is the indispensable weakness of every notable writer. A writer is a musician whose instrument is language, an actor who postures with a pen, and who is always looking out for an effect. Judge Taft does not show these propensities. He writes simply like a man who has something to communicate and is responsible for his words. We are delighted with his style. It is excellent for his purposes and may detach our people from the habit of

reading Presidential utterances for the sake of the shock—a habit that has proved immensely expensive and very bad for the nation's nerves.

Bryan is an actor and exhorter, a man of talent and of engaging qualities, but irremediably histrionic in his instincts; Hearst is a sensationalist, and his candidate is the candidate of sensation; Chafin, the Prohibition candidate, stands for bigotry, Debs for general disturbance, and Watson for violent radicalism. They are all showmen; all performers. Taft is by nature, instinct and preference a sober-minded and responsible citizen, and the only one in the whole group.



MR. HEARST'S party proclaims its determination "to wrest the conduct of public affairs from the hands of selfish interests, political tricksters and corrupt bosses, and make the Government, as the founders intended, an agency for the common good." But that's what all the parties want to do, except the one in power. That one feels just the same, but has to word its determination a little differently. Some of Mr. Hearst's gentlemen got into office in New York State the year he ran for Governor, and if they are fair samples of their crowd, it would not promote the common good a mite to shift the conduct of public affairs into the Hearst party's hands. But there are some good planks in the Hearst platform, and Mr. Hisgen is a comparatively good candidate. If the Hearst Independents really vote for him, and the Populists for Tom Watson, and the Socialists for Debs, and the Prohibitionists for Chafin, it will mean a very considerable distraction of votes from the two leading candidates, and especially from Brother Bryan.



GOVERNOR HUGHES' strong points as a candidate for reelection are that the Republican bosses are believed to be against him, that the Puritan streak in his composition

is still active, and that he is upright and able. Whether he is wise or not is a matter for discussion, but he is able. He is nobody's man; that is his greatest attraction — nobody's; not even Roosevelt's. He stands for reformation of the habits of city populations and of corporations. That ought to make him strong with the farmers and the village folks, who are delighted at all times to do what they may to make virtue and grass abound in city streets.

That he is independent of the party managers endears him, of course, to the independent voters. We all see the necessity of having organized political parties, and recognize that organization on a large scale implies organizers and managers, but almost all of us hate to see the managers get anything for their trouble. We are instinctively against a machine, and the instinct is perfectly sound, because a machine immediately trades in power. Governor Hughes appeals to the instinct that is hostile to political machines, and that appeal is valuable. On the other hand, a good many voters consider him a narrow-minded, meddlesome person, dislike him heartily, and will try hard to beat him if he runs again.



IN the matter of the publication of those telegrams that passed, in June, between President Roosevelt and President Eliot (about which remarks were lately made in LIFE) it should be noted that on August 4 the Boston Transcript printed a communication from the Secretary of the Harvard Corporation, who said: "President Eliot regarded both telegrams as private communications. As soon as he learned that they had been published he telegraphed to President Roosevelt, assuring him that the text of the telegrams had not been obtained from President Eliot's office."

This definitely establishes the fact that the publication of the telegrams was disapproved by the Harvard authorities. That much settled, it does not greatly matter how the telegrams leaked out. That they were published, not by any kind of authority, but by rascality, is worth making known in view of the extremely wide publication that they attained.

All In the Same Boat



THE MAN WHO WON THE POOL

Have a drink with the winner or have a cigar!
Let every dog have his day—
You'll win the pool in the morrow, perhaps,
But he is the hero to-day!

FORTY TIMES BEFORE BREAKFAST

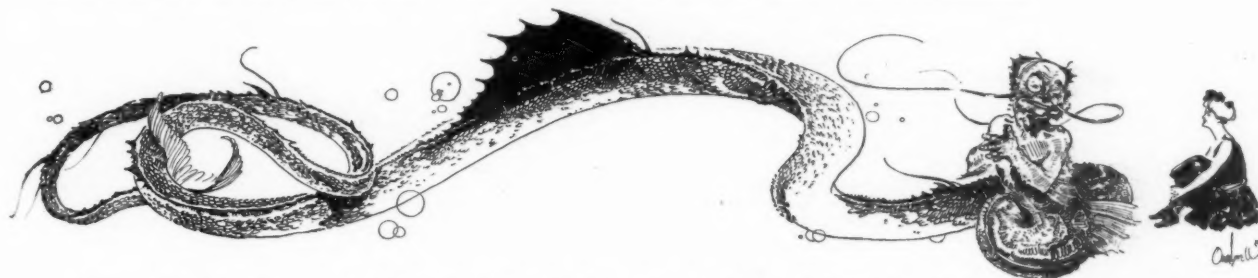
This nuisance walks around the decks
And tells you all about it.
If he fell off perhaps I'd yell
"Man overboard!"—I doubt it.

Most Noise Should Win

WHAT we need even more than flying machines is a noisemeter to measure the dimensions of the sound furnished in the demonstrations that occur nowadays at the great political

conventions. These outbursts are now measured by mere duration of elapsed time, irrespective of intensity. That is clearly unfair. The hours and minutes that were devoted to yelling for Roosevelt at Chicago cannot be justly meas-

ured up against the hours and minutes devoted to bellowing for Bryan at Denver, unless the relative energy of the yells and the bellows can be computed. The biggest total noise ought to win in these competitions.



"SURPRIZED TER SEE ME, LOIDY? LEMME RECALL DE WOIDS OF DE POET, WHO SAID, 'FULL MANY'S DE GUY OF PUREST NERVE SERENE DE DEEP, UNFADOMED CAVES OF OCEAN BEAR.' SEE?"



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"Sunday collection among the boys at Camp Champlain".....	5.06
Edward F. Cole.....	10.00

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He Was Deaf

LONG ago, in Barnet, a small town in Northern Vermont, when it was the custom to entertain wayfarers at the comfortable farmhouses along the road, a long-legged, cadaverous individual in a suit of rusty black, stopped at the home of Deacon John L. Woods for dinner. His melancholy manner just exhaled piety.

"Stranger, will you say grace?" asked Deacon John, as they drew up to table.

"Say what?" said the stranger.

"Will you ask the Lord's blessing on this food?" urged Deacon John.

Turning his sad, uncomprehending eyes on his host, the pious guest said drearly:

"If you want to talk to me you'll have to holler like h—ll. I'm deaf as a d—d old adder."

A FOREIGN MISSION—looking for a husband.



THE PSYCHE KNOT

Husbands



HUSBANDS are largely manufactured out of the raw material grown on farms and outlying districts. There are some few city varieties, but they are poor in quality. The farm output is usually taken to the city early in life, and fed on rum, tobacco and business until he becomes fat enough to kill for the matrimonial market. He is then led out to the slaughter and used thereafter as a basis for millinery and dress goods.

Husbands form one of our chief assets. They are patient, docile under treatment, become enured early in life to hard labor, and are useful at dinner parties and political gatherings.

The American variety differs from the foreign breeds in many important particulars. He is more easily domesticated and stands any amount of abuse without complaint. There are several instances on record where husbands have slept night after night in pajamas, made by their wives and starched under their personal supervision, without murmuring. They have even been known, in rare instances, to attend church regularly.

There are several kinds of husbands. The early morning variety is very companionable, but short lived. In some households the silent husband is the main feature, acquiring this great gift by long practice. The literary husband, as a rule, is thin and poor and has his fur rubbed off in spots and lays his ears well back. The Salt Lake husband has a large, open heart, is liberal in his views, and many sided. He is, in fact, all things to all women.

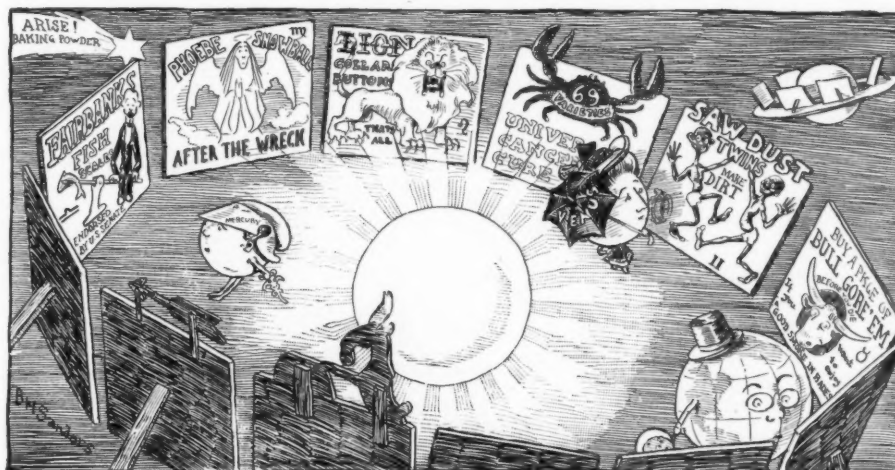
The best husbands are caught young when their spirits can be easily broken.

A Strange Proceeding

INFANT TERRIBLE (watching Uncle Jack's fiancée dressing her hair): How queerly you do your hair!

"How so?"

"Why, Aunt Jane pins hers to her lap, Mummie holds hers in her teef, but you leave yours sticking to your head."



SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

The Political Extravaganza

In Ye Year 1908



SCENE: Two large and variegated platforms, separated by a thin curtain, both being very much alike, and composed by planks that have just been sawed and planed by paid experts. There is a low murmuring sound, accompanied by slow music, and Taft and Sherman step forward. Sherman keeps in the background, his long Congressional career making him extremely diffident.

Solo—W. R. Taft.

I would beg to state

I'm a candidate

Quite hale and hearty and ruddy.

And in spite of all talk—

Though I walk the chalk—

I am *not* an understudy.

But the G. O. P. that I represent
Is for me a matter of sentiment,
And I beg to repeat, tho' you all may stare,

I'm *not* tied up to the Teddy Bear.

He gracefully retires with his side partner. There is a loud braying, and several tom-toms are beaten by Tammany chiefs, filling the air with their peculiar music. W. J. Bryan, leading his running mate by the whiskers, now steps forward. He bows gracefully, while Kern fans him vigorously.

Solo—W. J. Bryan.

Twelve years ago,

As you doubtless know,

With a cross of gold I ran.

I was rude and crude—

Quite far from a dude—

But now I'm a proper man.

I have traveled wide,
And my head applied
To Culture and Art, you see.

I've broadened my mind

And I'm highly refined,
As a President ought to be.

But the common folks that I represent

Are still a matter of sentiment,

And with graceful front,
why, I beg to sing

That I'm not tied to a single thing.

He bows neatly, several large bouquets are handed to him and he retires. There is then a loud blare of music and the band plays "The Conquering Heroes Come,"



THE CHEMIST

as the leading Trusts advance, Uncle Sam meekly following, and the G. O. P. elephant and the Demos donkey bring up the rear, both with their tails between their legs.

The Trusts all mark time, until the Standard Oil Trust steps out in front.

Solo—Standard Oil.

Ha! ha! Ho! ho!
Let the campaign go
The way that it will. Ha! ha!
For it doesn't (to us)
Much matter a cuss—
We'll still all be above par.

For appearance's sake
We should like to make
Bill Taft what he wants to be;
But if Bryan should win
Why, we wouldn't get thin,
For we'd still be just as free!

For the piles of Cash that we represent
Are with us a matter of sentiment.
And so we say (while the country's
bled)

Each President's only a figurehead.

As curtain goes down Uncle Sam is
distinctly seen, throwing up his hands.

Finis. T. L. M.

Hungry Boy Stole

Jacob Minsky, a 16-year-old boy, of Washington avenue, The Bronx, was arraigned in Special Sessions this morning, charged with larceny of three rolls and a bottle of milk. He took the rolls and milk, he said, because he was hungry.

The Justices paroled the boy in the custody of Probation Officer Graveur.—*New York Sun.*

TO STEAL is wicked. This boy should be severely punished. Why not select three good men to sit on this case? They should be judges who realize the enormity of the offense, and make an example of the sinner. We suggest Messrs. E. H. Harriman, John D. Rockefeller and T. F. Ryan.

Ho, Bachelors!

AN eminent physician of the Old School has discovered the bacillus of matrimony. As seen through the microscope, he is a reckless looking little chap, and once in your system, why,—Bang!—the first thing you know, you are married.

Then good-by.

A Gift of Grace

MUCH of the unselfish love in the world was fetched into it by the dog.

And he keeps on fetching—good boy! We vivisect him, we drive him mad with our neglect—still he fetches.

Possibly it profits us little, this unselfish love of the dog, but it is the best he has to give.

A Letter

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir: In your crusade against vivisection it may interest you to know that the president of the S. P. C. A. of New Haven, Conn., is a strong advocate of that practice, and is a well-known physician. He supports a family, loves his wife, and is considered to have a very warm heart. I believe he reads LIFE occasionally. Yours truly,

Harrison B. Child.

IT'S a wise lie that knows its own father.



Einstein (showing friend his new country estate): YAH, I SHUST PAID CUDT FIFE HUNDERT TOLLARS FOR DOSE BIRDS.
Rosenblum (the wag): DOT'S A BRETTY GOOT BRICE TO BAY FOR DOWN ON DE SWANY RIVER.

Slums



SLUMS, regarded as a necessity, are raised in all large cities and cultivated by the whole people.

As a rule, they require but little care, being extremely hardy, and having once taken root, spread rapidly.

Slums are useful in many ways. They furnish material for writers on political economy, enabling them to support themselves comfortably. Slums also help religion, and furnish a never ending source of amusement for philanthropists. They are indispensable for settlement workers. They are also invaluable for physicians and surgeons, supplying these specialists with diseases. They are also a source of happiness for the well-to-do, as the distant contemplation of them affords the necessary contrast to the most complete enjoyment. Without them there would scarcely be any real melodrama.

Several times foolish people have tried to get rid of them, not realizing that, although very expensive, they are indispensable. Without them we would have no sense of duty or civic pride.

BOBBIE: That Mrs. Castleton said something nice about you.

MRS. VON BLUMER (*purring*): What was it, Bobbie?
"She said you didn't show your age."

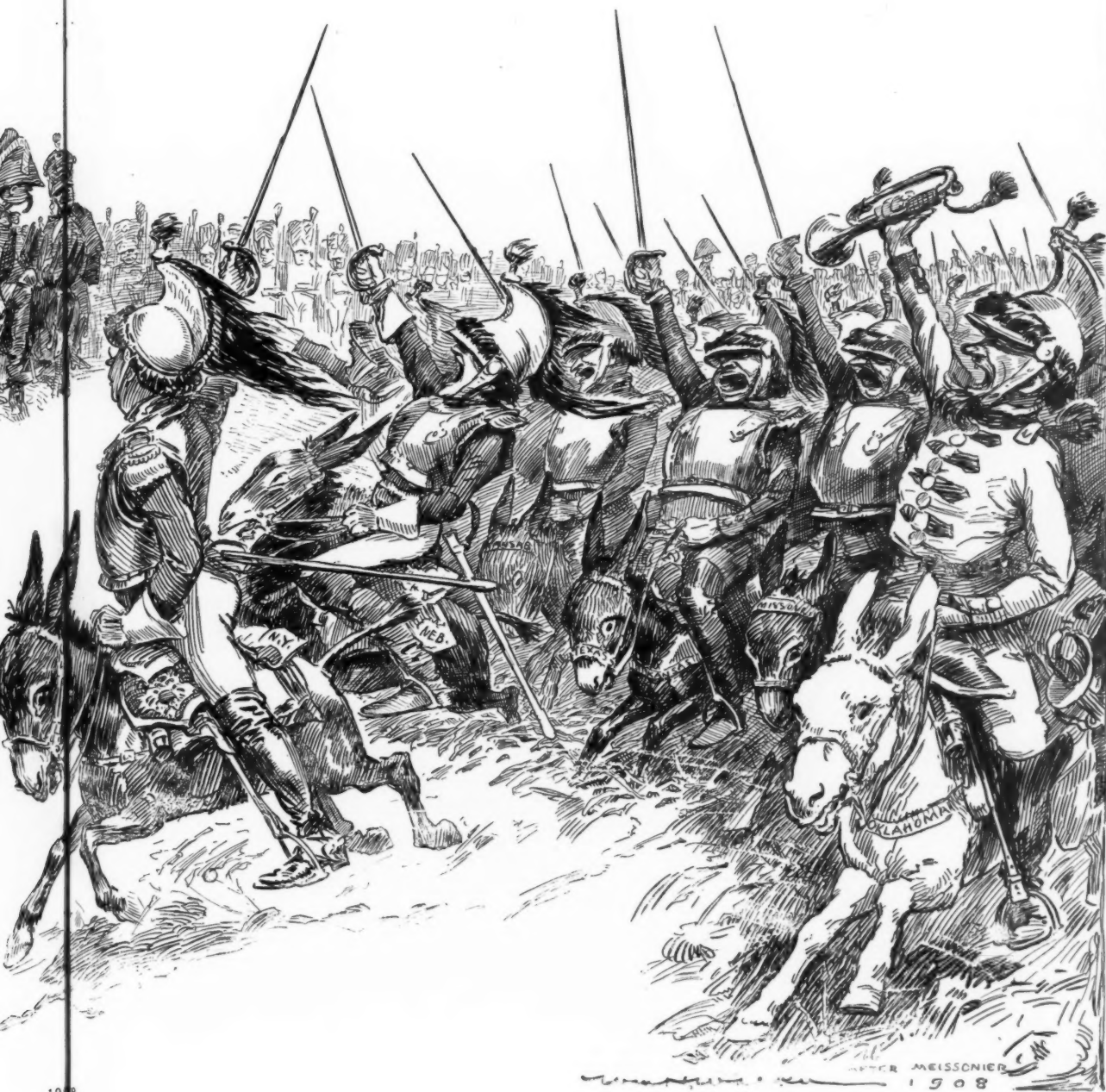
PUT your trust only in cinches.



"COME QUICK, HENRY, DEAR, BABY'S CUT A FOOT!"

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ALFRED MEISSONIER
1908

The Man Who Didn't Know

MR. and MRS. SPLICER were people who never went anywhere in particular. They were, indeed, so much occupied with each other that they didn't feel the need of outside resources.

When Mr. Splicer married Mrs. Splicer she was a delicate little affair. The wind—if the wind had been so minded—might easily, no doubt, have blown her away. But married life had agreed with her, and now—

But that will come later.

To Mr. Splicer she was exactly the same as she always had been. He saw in her no change. She was the loveliest, sweetest—and so forth—creature in the world.

It was not, therefore, because Mr. Splicer specially cared for it, that they decided to take a little outing. But Mrs. Splicer declared that she was played out, which was, of course, a sufficient reason.

The morning after their arrival they were sitting on their hotel piazza. A number of ladies in the near distance were disporting themselves. Some were playing tennis; others, equipped with golf bags, were strolling toward the links.

Mr. Splicer looked them over rather carefully, and then turned to his wife.

"My dear," he said, "how slight they look!"

"Do you really think so?" replied Mrs. Splicer. "I was afraid you might think them—well, about right."

"Oh, my dear, no. Now, you, you are—plump—I should say—plump."

At this moment they were joined by Mrs. Planer, a lady whose acquaintance they had made the night before.

"Mr. Splicer," said Mrs. Planer, "I have been trying to persuade your wife that she must be one of us."

Mrs. Splicer gave Mrs. Planer a warning look, but it was lost.

"I'm sure she would be delighted," said Mr. Splicer, answering for her. "Just what do you mean?"

"At banting."

"Banting?"

"Yes. You see, we women all have to do that now—that is, most of us—and she needs it—sadly!"

Mr. Splicer turned to his wife. Such a thought had never occurred to him before.

"Needs to bant," he repeated, as he gazed at her. "Why, I never thought of it, but—well—perhaps if you were a trifle thinner"—

"A trifle!" exclaimed Mrs. Planer. "Why, she needs to take off thirty pounds at least. My dear, you must begin at once."

Mrs. Planer indicated the tennis court.

"You see Mrs. Wilmot over there," she said. "Isn't she perfectly lovely? Did you ever see anything more sylph-like? She used to be quite stout. Her husband didn't realize it. He was accustomed to see her every day. The

change was so gradual that he didn't notice it."

She turned to the now intensely interested Mr. Splicer.

"He was just like you," she said, sweetly, "until—he woke up. I must run along. I've got to walk ten miles."

Left alone with his wife, whose face plainly showed her perturbation, Mr. Splicer turned and looked at her intently. Then his eyes caught the sylph-like figure in the tennis court, and other sylph-like figures near.

A great truth began suddenly to dawn on Mr. Splicer.

"My dear," he said, "perhaps you are a trifle stout. I hadn't thought of it before."

Mrs. Splicer betrayed her chagrin.

"I'm sorry you don't like me," she exclaimed.

"But I do, of course. Only"—

He laid his hand on her arm.

"A little exercise will do it."

"I hate exercise."

"Then dieting."

"I'm not going to diet. I think you are horrid to suggest such a thing. Didn't we come here because the table was so good?"

Mr. Splicer dared say no more. But that evening at dinner he watched his wife out of the corner of his eye, as he noted her extensive orders. And the next morning, when she was asked to



"YOU KNOW THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH, HAROLD. EVEN NOW SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT TROUBLE IS—"



BRUIN."



A LITERARY HACK

join a walking party and refused, he sighed to himself deeply.

All the world had, indeed, changed for Mr. Spicer.

He suddenly awakened to the fearful consciousness that his wife was—fat! And that he, among both men and women, was regarded with commiseration.

The worst of it was, that she seemed to be hopelessly committed to it.

One lady—who rolled over on the floor forty times each day—talked to her earnestly for an hour.

Another—who had an infallible list of things to eat—and to avoid—gave her a book to read.

But Mrs. Spicer wouldn't walk and she wouldn't diet.

She had a habit of taking a nap after luncheon. Of course, this was the worst thing she could do, but—

One afternoon she awoke sooner than usual. Perhaps her wifely instinct had something to do with it.

At any rate, she arose, dressed, and went downstairs, looking for her husband.

Suddenly, walking along in a shady part of the piazza, she came upon him.

Mr. Spicer was not alone. Mrs. Wilmot's sylph-like figure was next to his, and there were certain suspicious circumstances which made it not altogether impossible that he had been holding her ethereal hand.

"Come with me," said Mrs. Spicer.

Mr. Spicer followed. He was not meek or gentle. Indeed, his attitude might have been defined as defiant.

When they were alone she gazed at him steadily, in silence.

"You were making love to that woman. I caught you. What does this mean?"

"That you are no longer my ideal."

"Why, pray?"

"Ida! Must I say it? You are too—fat! I could forgive you even that, but you have had every opportunity to reform, and have not availed yourself of them. Mrs. Wilmot once weighed as much as you. Now look at her. I dislike to say it, but you lack character. If you had will power, why, you wouldn't eat pie, you!"

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Spicer. "I see how it is. This is merely an excuse on your part to defend your faithlessness."

Mr. Spicer looked at her beseechingly.

"Believe me," he cried, "it is not. Ida, if you will *only* bant. If you will only drop off thirty pounds, I will show you again how much I can love you. You can do it! Roll over on the floor forty times a day. Wear rubber underwear. Saw wood night and morning. Stop water with your meals. Eat nothing but lean beef. Those pies!"

"Never!"

"You refuse?"

"I refuse to be dictated to. You go your way and I go mine."

Thus they parted. The most practical arrangement was soon made. Mr. Spicer settled a neat income upon her, and thereafter they pursued different paths.

That is, until one eventful day, three months later.

Mr. Spicer was very lonely. The affair with Mrs. Wilmot was but momentary. After his trouble he led a solitary bachelor existence. In his eyes was a picture of his wife when he first knew her. The later edition, so to speak, he tried to blot out forever from his memory.

One day he was walking by himself in the park. Suddenly he looked up and saw ahead of him a trim, ethereal figure—perfect in its symmetry.

"Ah!" muttered Mr. Spicer to himself. "She—she was once like that."

Unconsciously, instinctively he followed.

Closer and closer he drew—led on by his thoughts.

Suddenly, abruptly, the lady turned.

"Ida!"

"Herbert!"

Mr. Spicer could scarcely believe his eyes. There was the woman he once loved, he still loved, standing before him, splendidly thin; exactly as he had dreamed of her.

"Why did you not tell me of this?" he gasped.

She drew herself up.

"Why should I? You misunderstood me. You thought I did not have will power enough. Besides, your love is purely materialistic. If it hadn't been, you wouldn't have cared how much I weighed. You wouldn't have let thirty pounds of flesh come between us."

"But"—

"Leave me, sir, or I will call the police!"

Mr. Spicer was a man of parts. He didn't make the grand mistake. He realized that he must be diplomatic.

"Certainly, if you wish it," he replied, quietly. "But if you will only let me accompany you home I'll promise not to annoy you. There are a few matters of business"—

Mollified, she nodded assent.

Soon they were home—or the place Mr. Spicer once called home—for he had considerably left it to his wife, while he roomed at a hotel.

"Now, Ida," he said, when they were alone, "you are right, and I was wrong. I admit it. I am not going to ask you to do anything you don't want to do, but frankly, how do you like this kind of life?"

"To tell you the truth," she replied, "I don't have much time to think about it. I have to saw wood and walk and roll over most of the time."

"How I have misjudged you. Such character!"

"You certainly have misjudged me."

"Say at least that you forgive me."

"I do."

"Say that you will be mine."

The contemplation of Mrs. Splicer's divine figure was driving her husband into a fine frenzy.

"You must go. It is time for me to punch the bag."

"Oh! Won't you take me back?"

Suddenly she turned and clasped him almost savagely by the hand.

"On one condition."

"Any."

"I will come back to you if you will let me grow fat again; if you won't reproach me when you see me eating what I please; if, when I begin to waddle once more, you will still follow me obediently and devotedly around; if, when I quiver like a jelly, you will have no other eyes than for me, no matter how fat I get; if you will love me just the same as you do now."

And Mr. Splicer, his face brimming over with the most unutterable devotion, as he clasped her in his arms replied:

"Darling, I will, I will! So long as I know you could if you would, it is all I care for. Let the world jeer at you, it matters not. Henceforth I am yours forever. You may go as far as you like."

T. L. M.

Another Case of Hydrophobia

A bulldog strayed onto a North German Lloyd Line pier in Hoboken yesterday, and a man kicked him overboard. As soon as the animal got out of the water a watchman chased him with a stick, and he ran into the yard surrounding the residence of Capt. Max Moeller, superintendent of the piers, at 209 River street.

William Moeller, the captain's fourteen-year-old son, attempted to drive him out, and the excited dog attacked the boy, biting him in the knee and the hand. Dr. William T. Kudlich cauterized the wounds and ordered the youth sent to the Pasteur Institute in New York City for treatment. The dog was shot by Policeman Dick Winters.—*Daily Paper*.

IF Policeman Dick Winters had shot the man who kicked the dog overboard there would have been a glimmer of justice in this affair. And if the dog, after his recent experiences, had not bitten the first human who approached him he would have been not only an incredibly trusting dog but one who could not learn by experience.

However, it may all be for the best. It furnishes the



(Johnny): "MA, I GUESS YOU'D BETTER WALK AHEAD. HERE COMES A KID THAT OWES ME A NICKEL."

Pasteur Institute another authentic case of hydrophobia. And the dog's agony was shorter than if he had fallen into the hands of a vivisector.

Medical Maxims

IF the patient is poor, it's a crime; if rich, a disease. Discrimination pays. Diagnose for the rich neurasthenia, brainstorm, gout and appendicitis; for the poor insanity, delirium tremens, rheumatism and gall-stones.

Finally, fatten the thin, thin the fat; stimulate the depressed, depress the stimulated; cure the sick, sicken the cured; but above all, keep them alive or you won't get your money.

The Limit

"THERE goes one of the most despised men in the county."

"What is he—a baseball umpire, insurance president, or Republican who is going to vote for Bryan?"

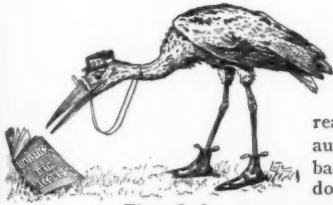
CATERER: How was that ice cream we delivered to you yesterday?

PATRON: Fine. It was the best ice cream I ever drank.



A FLORAL SUGGESTION

How to Bring Up Children



AFTER a painstaking, not to say painful, investigation of the approved method of bringing up children in our larger American cities, where civilization has reached its acme, we are able to state authoritatively, for the benefit of the backward provinces, the way it is done.

First find a tenement, the more squalid and unsanitary, the better. In order that the children may have the companionship and elevating association of their fellow beings, crowd as many of them into one tenement as possible. Dress them with care, using as little clothing as possible. This prevents them from being proud and haughty. Feed them sparingly. This gives them incentive and appetite. The trouble with those who eat too much is that they have no appetite.

The child should not be cared for in an organized manner lest it lose its individuality. Whether the child is to be neglected or cared for, it should be done by the parents, and if the parents should happen to be criminals or drunkards, so much the better, for they can then serve as horrible examples for the children to avoid.

When the child is old enough send it to school, the hungrier the better. The matter of education should be left with the Government. Education, like salvation, may be free without pauperizing the recipient. The education should not be haphazard. It should be turned over to politicians, who should receive abundantly for their work, not only directly as salary, but indirectly as graft and other emoluments.

When you have done all this, you have done all that could reasonably be expected, and your conscience should be clear. If the child refuses to learn, and insists upon breaking the laws, put him in the penitentiary as soon as he is old enough to do something desperate.

Children are a nuisance, anyway.

Ellis O. Jones.

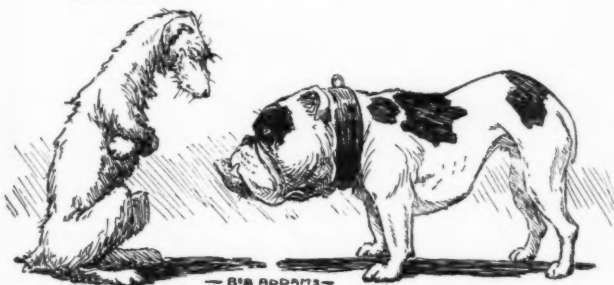
Presence of Mind

WIFE (dramatically): Just think! The Robinsons will be here in twenty minutes, and the cook has spoiled the dinner.

HUSBAND: Don't worry! We'll make 'em drink four or five of your ready-made cocktails, and they will never know the difference.

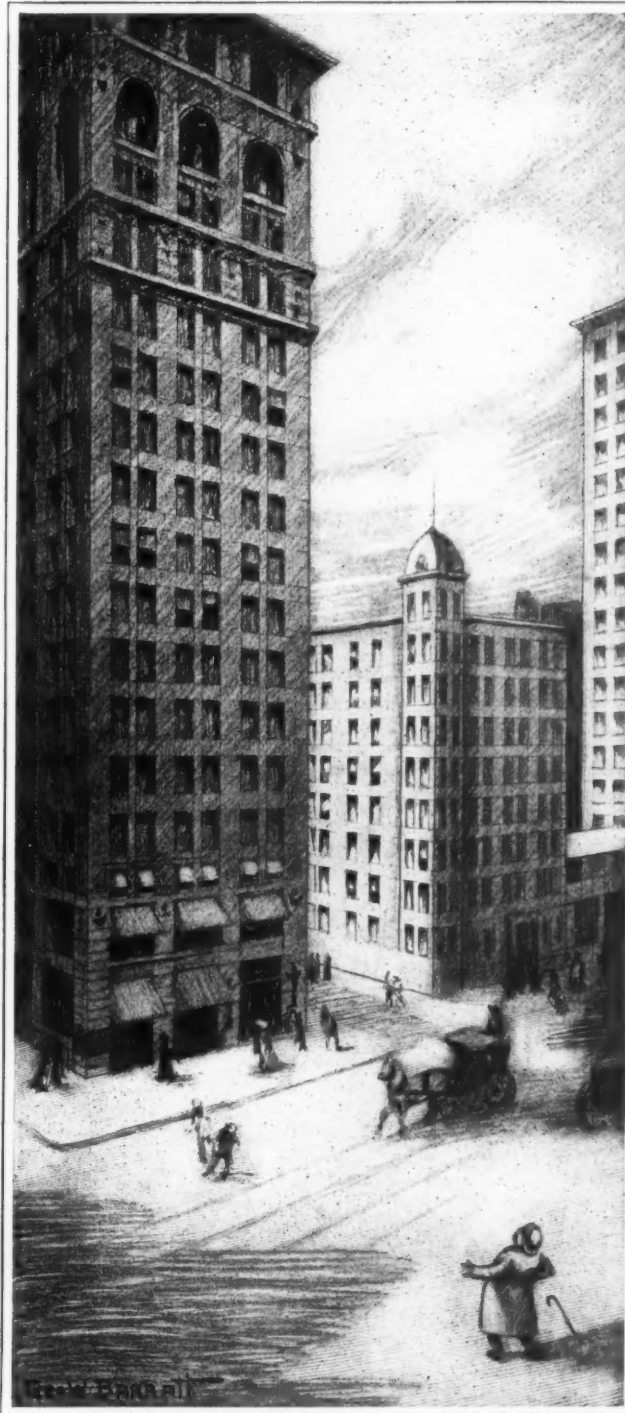
"JONES is strictly orthodox, isn't he?"

"Dear me, yes! He has authority for everything. He refers you in each case either to the Bible or the Republican platform."



BEFORE THE SCRAP

"GOSH! WHAT A FACE! BEEN BLOWING FLIES OFF YOUR NOSE?"



"A VISIT TO THE OLD HOME"



SOME COMING BOOK REVIEWS

This stirring tale of fearsome beasts
Will fascinate the gentle reader;
The words cost one case note apiece—
It's rich—in that way.

—Podunk Leader.

One gets good measure in this book;
He might write "bad" but gives "infernal"—
Five letters more for one small bill—
Which proves his great heart.

—Bingville Journal.

'Tis put aside with much regret;
Word follows word in such a manner
That one, in wading through it, seems
Neck deep in money.

—Blufftown Banner.

One chapter is quite crowded full
Of verbose stunts, but if you'd slight 'em
At least you'd hear the eagles scream
In suffering protest.

—Yaptown Item.

The golden words come thick and fast;
The appendix, so ourselves would judge it,
Was written on that bank device
Which adds up figures.

—Rubedale Budget.
—The Evening Sun.

TAFT WILL MISS IT

We suppose there is no doubt that Secretary Taft will miss the War Office a good deal. It is said that he has enjoyed his occasional week-ends there very much indeed.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE

"Both sides alike were brave," says Admiral Dewey, who is quoted in the *St. Louis Republic*, "North and South, soldiers and sailors. And the bravery of the recruits was a thing to be seen to be believed."

"There used to be circulated, though, a story about a Connecticut recruit. This young man, after he got initiated, fought well, but in his first engagement he was very nervous. A chum of his was in the line ahead of him, and when the bullets began to fly the chum began to dodge."

"Thereupon the recruit shouted, excitedly:
"Hey, Jim, don't duck! I'm behind ye!"—*Youth's Companion.*



The Canary.—You say you have very little talking to do in your present position?
The Parrot.—Yes; there are four women in the family.

OBEYING MOTHER

A man had just arrived at a Massachusetts summer resort. In the afternoon he was sitting on the veranda when a handsome young woman and her six-year-old son came out. The little fellow at once made friends with the latest arrival.

"What is your name?" he asked. Then, when this information had been given, he added, "Are you married?"

"I am not married," responded the man, with a smile.

At this the child paused a moment and, turning to his mother, said:

"What else was it, mamma, you wanted me to ask him?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

POINTED WITH SCRIPTURE

A bachelor rector of a Western church was alone in his study when his housekeeper brought him the card of one of his parishioners, a spinster of means and charm.

When the lady was seated on the opposite side of his study table the rector looked at her inquiringly, expecting to hear something concerning parish work, in which she was active. To his surprise an embarrassed silence ensued, during which he vainly sought for something to say.

"Doctor Blank," began the lady, at last, in faltering tones, "do you think—can you fancy conditions under which a—woman is—justified in proposing?"

"Why, yes," said the rector, after some deliberation.

"Thou art the man!" said the lady, resolutely. She was right.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE TENDER THOUGHT

Harry is six years old. "Pa," he asked one day, "if I get married will I have a wife like Ma?"

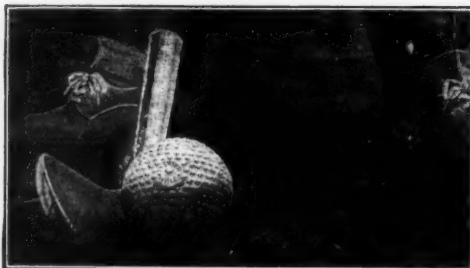
"Very likely," replied his father.

"And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old bachelor like Uncle Tom?"

"Very likely."
"Well, Pa," he said, after a moment of deep thought, "it's a mighty tough world for us men, ain't it?"—*Success.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.
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Prove this for yourself—have your printer show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead.

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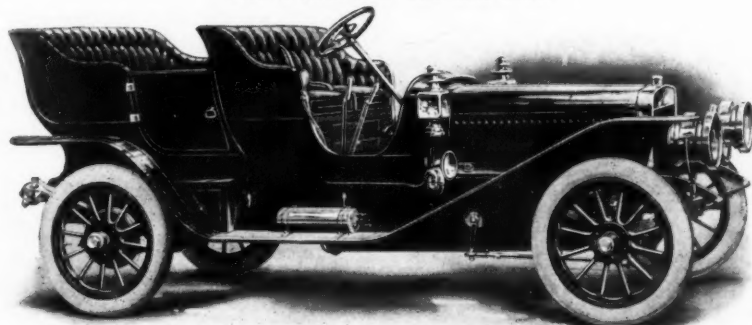
South Hadley Falls
Massachusetts



Back
each fo
months
months
SUBS

How Much Do You Pay to Keep Your Automobile Running?

Ten Winton Sixes Ran 65,687.4 Miles at an Upkeep
Cost of \$1.00 For Each 4343 Miles



WINTON

High-grade automobiles average 3500 miles a season, and cost for upkeep—well, inquire of the man who pays the bills.

Ten Winton Sixes ran 65,687.4 miles in six months (up to June 30, 1908), and cost for upkeep all told \$15.12 1-2.

That's 25 cents per month per car.
Or \$1.00 upkeep for each 4343 miles.

These figures are proved by the sworn reports of the ten individual owners of these cars. Glad to send you their affidavits if you like.

Must be an exceptional car to do 4343 miles on \$1.00 upkeep.

Winton Six owners think so, because they pay the bills. So we are making the same exceptional car another year.

Same high grade quality throughout. Same 48.6 horse power, six-cylinder motor. Same Eisemann magneto. Same carburetor. Same system of lubrication (one Winton Six ran 242 miles on one quart of oil in the Long Island Endurance Test). Same cooling system. Same selective, sliding gears. Same superb multiple disc clutch. Same springs, axles, frame. Same safety auxiliary gasoline tank.

And the same self-starter. A starter that starts. Take your seat, press a button, and the motor runs. The Winton Six carries its starting crank in the tool box, because it isn't needed elsewhere.

Own a Winton Six and end your humiliating work of cranking.

The five-passenger body is new, and the design is beautiful. Don't take the picture as proof, but see the car itself.

Then ride in the Winton Six. That's convincing. Quietest motor you ever saw. Sweeter than electricity, flexible as steam, and wonderful on hills. Makes hitherto bothersome grades ashamed of themselves. Cuts down gear changing, because it goes through traffic and up the hills on high gear. Saves gasoline, wear and tear, tires, and patience.

These are six-cylinder times.

And you haven't even the excuse of higher first cost to deny yourself the best there is in automobiles; because the Winton Six sells at \$3000, and represents a saving on first cost and on after-cost (upkeep)—a substantial saving that no business man, however wealthy, can afford to disregard.

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The Cub Reporter . . . By Rex Beach
Bailey's Experiment . . . By Perceval Gibbon
Georgia . . . By John Luther Long
The Venture of the Flying Hind . . . By James B. Connolly
The Paths of Judgment . . . By David Gray
The Passing Star . . . By John Fox, Jr.
The Bride's Dead . . . By Gouverneur Morris
He Also Serves . . . By O. Henry
The Medico-Strategist . . . By Samuel Hopkins Adams
The Farm by the Forest . . . By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Each story is written by one of the masters of short-story fiction. Each represents its author's full power. Some are amusing, some sad, some remarkable for strong character-drawing and some for dramatic incident. They form a collection the equal of which has probably never been gathered together at one time by any periodical.

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APT COMPARISON

"When I see what Barlow accomplishes I am forced to admiration," said Bunting. "He has great physical endurance."

"Yes," replied Gargoyle. "That man has the constitution of a debutante."—*London Telegraph*.

LIKE HER POSTSCRIPT

A woman's letter, however sweet,
Without a postscript is not complete.
"It's just like her," men jeeringly say,
For once we will let them have their way.
It is like her! When all else was wrought
She was created—an afterthought;
And, like the P. S. of her letter,
She is, therefore, so much the better.

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

WORSE THAN WAITING

"Are you waiting for me, dear?" she said, coming downstairs at last, fixing her hat.

"Waiting?" exclaimed the impatient man. "No; not waiting—sojourning."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A TIME-SAVING DEVICE

Every employee of the Bank of England is required to sign his name in a book on his arrival in the morning, and, if late, must give the reason therefor. The chief cause of tardiness is usually fog, and the first man to arrive writes "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow write "ditto." The other day, however, the first late man gave as the reason, "wife had twins," and twenty other late men mechanically signed "ditto" underneath.—*Success*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

THE LAND OF THE FREE

"There's eight nations represented in this ward of ours," said Mr. Halloran to his wife on his return from a political meeting. He began to count them off on his fingers.

"There's Irish, Frinch, Eyetalians, Poles, Germans, Roossians, Greeks an' —"

Mr. Halloran stopped, and began again:

"There's Irish, French, Eyetalians, Poles, Germans, Roossians, Greeks—an' ain't it queer I disremember the other wan? There's Irish, Frinch—"

"Maybe 'twas Americans," suggested Mrs. Hol-loran.

"Sure, that's it," said her husband. "I couldn't think."—*Youth's Companion*.

SYMBOLICAL

KNICKER: Of course there will be a Taft button.
BOCKER: Wouldn't a hook and eye be more appropriate?—*Evening Sun*.

COULDN'T DO BETTER

Two friends who had not seen each other for several years met again, unexpectedly, as neighbors in a new suburban place.

"Hallo, Bilkins! Who are you working for now?" asked Simkins, over the garden fence.

"Same people," was the cheery answer. "A wife and five children."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

I WONDER!

My Papa he was born some place away up in New York;

And Mamma in Chicago, where they manufacture pork;

And I was born in Pittsburg; and I'm awful glad, you bet;

But ain't it awful funny that we three ever met?
—*Lippincott's*.

TAKING NOTICE.—FRED: "My dear Dora, let this thought console you for your lover's death. Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way."

BEREAVED ONE: "They haven't all gone, have they?"—*London Tit-Bits*.

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AKRON, OHIO

"THE POWER OF THE PRESS"

In Chicago there is the case of two great newspapers, one of them Republican and the other Independent, who have been found clearly guilty of robbery of the school children of that city. Through the connivance of a school board, one of the members of which was an attorney for one of these newspapers, the land occupied by both these journals, in the very heart of the business centre of Chicago, was leased to these great institutions for the molding of public opinion on a basis of site value absolutely absurd and ridiculous, and upon terms very much lower than those granted on similar lands to other leaseholders in the same neighborhood. This favor exacted of a public body, and at public expense, was given solely through fear of attack by, or desire to stand well with, the publications in question. When there came into power in the school board, under Mayor Dunne, a number of men who could not be reached by political or other interests, and these men attempted to set aside the outrageous lease in question, both these papers began a crusade against the honesty and intelligence of the school board, and developed the campaign into one for the election of a Mayor who would oust these school board members who tried to win back the property for the school children, rallied to their support all the corrupt and vicious elements of the Chicago slums, likewise the forces that could be controlled by the street railways and other public service corporations, elected the Mayor, and turned the honest members of the school board out of office. They have since been reinstated, but not until the corporation Mayor had appointed a sufficient number of "safe and sane" friends of the powers that be to block any effort that might be made by the honest members to secure from these great publications a just compensation for the use of the land belonging to the public schools of Illinois and Chicago.—William Marion Reedy in the *St. Louis Mirror*.

DOG "MAD"; SO WOULD ANY ONE HAVE BEEN

"Mad dog! Run!"

The alarming cry sounded repeatedly as the truly good people of the Brookdale section of Bloomfield, N. J., were going home from church yesterday morning. Hearing it, pious deacons took to their heels and gallant beaux hurriedly helped young women over fences, proving, evidently, that tan shoes and stockings are very fashionable in Bloomfield.

Down the street dashed a black dog, its eyes glaring and foam flecking its jaws as becomes any dog with rabies. But it did not try to bite any human or any dog; every now and then it halted and pawed its mouth, and howled mournfully.

The dog approached Miss Cissy Campbell, a farmer's daughter, but she did not try to escape it. The cries redoubled:

"Mad dog! Run!"

The poor brute, crouching, crawled to Miss Cissy's feet and looked up at her appealingly, its attitude saying plainly, "Please help me."

As Miss Cissy knelt and opened the dog's mouth several young men plucked up courage to approach.

"Isn't he mad?"

"I guess he is," said Miss Cissy, calmly, "and any one of you would be mad if you had an angry hornet in your mouth."

Snapping at fleas, the dog had made a serious mistake. With a sliver of wood Miss Cissy recovered the heraggled but still vigorous hornet from the grateful brute's swollen mouth.—*Times*.

SCOTCH, PLEASE

A distinguished Indian officer, Scotch to the core, never lost an opportunity of advertising his countrymen.

One evening at mess he had a large number of guests, and had a magnificent specimen of a Highland piper on duty.

To draw attention to the man's splendid appearance he turned to him and said:

"What pairt o' Scotland do you come from, my man?"

With a punctilious salute the reply came:

"Tipperary, yer honor!"—*Answers*.

NO DANGER

"I hope, driver, you will not run away with me!"

"Bless yer, no, mum! I've got a wife and six kids at home already!"—*London Opinion*.

SUPPRESS YOUR POWERFUL HEADLIGHTS

when you drive your car in the City.

SOLARCLIPSE MOTOR LAMPS

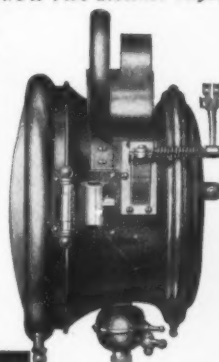
make this possible.

Through the Patented Besnard System of light eclipsing the powerful long distance ray may be suppressed at will through the automatic eclipsing mechanism which operates from the dash.

Solarclipse Lamps throw two distinct rays.

One long distance which penetrates the darkness for over 1000 feet ahead—the other short distance which is thrown directly in front of the car. The driver at all times controls the lights, as he controls the operation of the car. Solarclipse Lamps scientifically solve the lighting problem. See that your car is so equipped.

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us and they will not cost you a cent.

Our booklet shows you clearly how these tires get their wonderful resiliency, why they do away with all tire trouble and outwear many sets of pneumatics.

You owe it to yourself to investigate. Write us today.

The Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Company
1210 Kiser Street, Dayton, Ohio

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER



Keeps the mouth clean and healthy and whitens the teeth

The OXYGEN does it

Of all druggists 25 cents

McKesson & Robbins, 91-97 Fulton St., N. Y.

"Making Musicians of Us All"

"The Mission of the Pianola is not only to make music available to us all—not only to make it possible for us to become as familiar with the masterpieces of music as with those of literature—but to make *us musicians ourselves*; real producers of music—this is the mission of the Pianola."

"To-day, thanks to the Pianola, you who may never have played a note before, can study;—play;—individually interpret, the works of Beethoven, of Chopin, of Liszt, just as readily as those who have spent their whole lives in acquiring command of piano technique."

"There is hardly a famous musician alive to-day," claim the Aeolian Company, "who has not enthusiastically endorsed the Pianola. Over 100 of the leading colleges of America are using it for *teaching music*, while its value as one of the greatest sources of recreation and enjoyment ever devised is now universally recognized."

There is not a more progressive house in business than the Aeolian Company.

"It is this spirit of progress," say the manufacturers, "which has resulted in wonderful improvements in the Pianola, such as the Themodist, which gives the Pianola an absolutely governable touch, and the Metrostyle, which has been called the "Pianolist's coach," and whose inventor was decorated by the King of Spain."

It is also this spirit which has led the Aeolian Company, in planning their advertising, to include among the mediums they use Ainslee's Magazine. In selecting their mediums the Aeolian Company are satisfied to use only the best. What they say, therefore, of Ainslee's makes interesting reading.

MR. C. C. VERNAM, Gen'l Mgr., Ainslee's Magazine:

Dear Sir—The evidence you submit of the value of Ainslee's Magazine, as an advertising medium, appeals strongly to our judgment.

We aim to reach the most intelligent class of readers, the people who appreciate high quality and have the money to gratify their desires. We are led to believe that Ainslee's (bought solely for its literary merit, without the aid of premiums or "schemes") should be an excellent medium for advertising the Pianola, and we accordingly hand you our order herewith.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY.

It would probably be difficult to find anyone to-day to whom the word "Pianola" does not convey a definite and more or less accurate impression. Considering the fact that this word was coined only a little over ten years ago—that the instrument it names has only been on the market that comparatively short length of time—this general comprehension of the Pianola shows: First—That the Pianola has encountered and satisfactorily meets a positive and universal need.

Second—That the campaign of publicity needed to educate the public to a correct knowledge of what the Pianola really is, has been most successfully conducted.

Undoubtedly, the unique character of the Pianola, which tends naturally to make this instrument widely popular, has helped to establish this general impression, but it is also due to the advertising policy of the house, which has led it to make every dollar it spends, in advertising, count.

It is in pursuance of this policy that the Aeolian Company use Ainslee's Magazine.

Ainslee's . . . 250,000 copies per month
Advertising rate \$250 per page.

The evidence we submitted to the Aeolian Company we would like to submit to you, Mr. Advertiser. If you are governed by facts—and surely *now* is the time to be governed by facts—in selecting your advertising mediums, you will be interested in knowing all about Ainslee's. Let us put before you these facts.

C. C. VERNAM, General Manager, 7th Ave. and 15th St., New York City

UNCLE SIMON HOME FROM THE CONVENTION

Wal, when we got there we set down
And telephoned to Roosevelt,
A-tilin' him w'd got to town,
(Of course we're all for Roosevelt.)
An' Hiram Snodgrass said: "By jing,
I wish that telephone would ring,
We jist can't do a single thing
Until we hear from Roosevelt."

Wal, after while we got th' word
By telephone from Roosevelt,
To take no stock in what we heard
Until we heard from Roosevelt.
An' Reuben Scratchwell says: "Great Petel
I'm hungry an' I'd like to eat
But I don't dare to leave my seat
Until I hear from Roosevelt."

Wal, when the big convention met,
We telephoned to Roosevelt,
An' then we went an' set an' set
Until we heard from Roosevelt.
An' there was quite a long delay,
An' I heard Peleg Buckner say:
"Th' preacher says that he can't pray
Until he hears from Roosevelt."

Wal, then th' leader of th' band
He telephoned to Roosevelt,
An' struck up somethin' fine an' grand
When he got word from Roosevelt.
An' Peter Trotter says: "This bunch
Looks big to me; I want some lunch."
But then he had a better hunch
An' telephoned to Roosevelt.

Wal, after while we went back in
An' telephoned to Roosevelt.
Th' Chairman says: "We won't begin
Until we hear from Roosevelt."
"I move th' Chair," said Homer Brown,
Th' Chairman gave a fearful frown:
"You can't—th' White House wire is down,
We can't get word from Roosevelt."

Wal, after while th' thing was done,
By telephone from Roosevelt;
Th' Presidential race begun,
By telephone from Roosevelt;
An' mighty cheers from floor to dome
Were heard, an' then th' telephone
Rang out an' said: "That's all, go home!
Yours faithfully—T. Roosevelt."

—New York Times.

MERELY A SUGGESTION

Norah, the "green" cook, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, poked her head in at the dining-room door, and asked, "Plaze, ma'am, an' how will I be knowin' whin the puddin' is cooked?"

"Stick a knife into it," answered the skilled housewife, "and if the knife comes out clean, the pudding is ready to serve."

"Yis, ma'am."

"And, O Norah," continued her mistress, "if the knife does come out clean, you might stick all the rest of the knives into the pudding."—*Youth's Companion*.

WANTED A CORK AND BOTTLE

A certain John Simmons had been a twenty-year abstainer, but fell from the ways of grace and worshipped the vinous god with all the fervor of a convert.

Feeling the need of recuperation, he sent his boy to an adjacent hostelry for a bottle of whiskey.

"But," cried the hotel proprietor, "who's it for?"

"For my father," said the boy.

"Nonsense. Your father is a total abstainer and has been, to my knowledge, for longer years than you've lived."

"Well, at all events, he sent me for it."

"What does he want it for?"

"To let you into a secret," said the boy, ashamed to tell the truth, "he's going fishing, and he wants the cork to use for a float!"—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

BECAUSE OF IGNORANCE

BROOKE: Gunson always calls a spade a spade.

LYNN: That's because he lacks synonyms.—*Bohemian Magazine*.

POSITION UNRIVALLED
IN
LONDON, ENGLAND.
THE
LANGHAM HOTEL,
Portland Place and
Regent St., London, W.
**FAMILY HOTEL OF
THE HIGHEST ORDER**
In Fashionable and Healthy Locality.

Reduced
Inclusive
Terms
during
August
and
September



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

If You Can't Get IMPERIALES CIGARETTES

from your dealer send us a trial order—even if it is not for more than one package.

We are anxious for every cigarette smoker in America to know the remarkable individuality and quality of Imperiales Cigarettes. The demand for Imperiales has grown so great in the sections of the country where they have been on sale for years past, that their sale is increasing at the rate of 25,000,000 a year. Imperiales Cigarettes are made of a rich, perfectly blended selection of the finest leaf, rolled in thin mais paper—crimped, not pasted—and with individual mouth-pieces to cool the smoke.

Ask your dealer. If he hasn't them write us.

10c for 10

THE JOHN BOLLMAN
COMPANY, Mfrs.
San Francisco, Cal.



The
Best
Scotland
Produces

DAWSON'S
SCOTCH WHISKEY

An
All-around
Favorite
Sold Everywhere.

The Waldorf-Astoria
Importation Co.
New York—Chicago
Sole Agents.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
**TOILET
POWDER**
for After Shaving.

Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

QUADRENNIAL ODE

Booming and booming like thunder, up from the shores of the sea;
Down from the peaks of the mountains, speeches and speeches there be;
Son of Ohio in action; pride of Nebraska unfurled,
Jackass and pachyderm rampant over the gabfested world,
Up from the banks of the Wabash, where the tall sycamores bloom,
Out from the woodnutmeg forests, rhetoric, gesture and boom;
Heaving of words on split eardrums; militant verbosity,
Ossa on Pelion lifted—blest is a people so free!

Near every crossroads and hamlet, by every coulee and creek,
Banners and badges and buttons, barrels with bung-holes aleak.
Streams of mad eloquence flowing; oceans of speech lashed to foam,
All for the glory of country, all for the altars of home.
Flags snapping out from the steeples; lions of logic unchained,
Chariots creaking and swaying, steeds racing wildly, unreined;
Posters and torches and streamers; bulletin, bunting and band;
All for the cause of the people; all for the love of the land!

Oaks of the forest uprooted; sea walls of calm rent in twain;
Valleys all wind swept and beaten; shrieking of traitors in pain;
Cyclones of promises whirling; blasting tornadoes of speech;
Sin fleeing madly for shelter; cannons red hot at the breach;
Canister, grape, steel and bullet; hysteric platform and pen;
Simile, climax, convulsion, over and over again;
Orator, spellbinder, prophet; tomtom, and hewgag and horn,
Sounding the pledges of party to living and dead and unborn!

Knee deep in words and franked speeches; ears full of clamor and din;
Woe to the child of the people, swept by tempestuous chin;
Tossing in seas of persuasion, argument, logic and threat;
Beaten, bombarded and battered; imbecile soon but not yet;
Skies split with luminous lightnings, cliffs tumbled into the sea;
Antics, gyrations, gymnastics—all that the people be free!
Cymbals and toccins and slogans; twilight and mid-day and morn,
Blest be the people forever—living and dead and unborn!

—Evening Sun.

HE WAS AN ENGLISHMAN

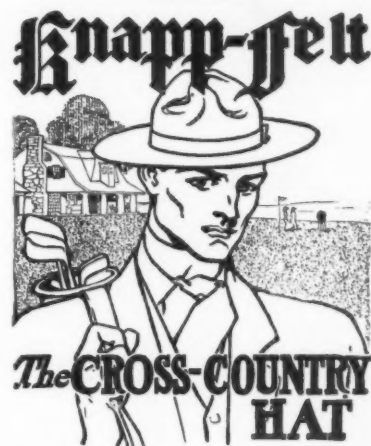
Mr. Rudyard Kipling has long since declared against the "Little Englishmen"; there is nothing insular about him. Nevertheless there remains a good deal that is English—in more senses than one. Not long ago this was made evident when, at a London club, he encountered one of those unfortunate beings who give their leisure moments to a study of the Baconian cipher.

This person engaged Mr. Kipling in talk; at any rate he engaged the novelist in listening. For fully fifteen minutes he poured forth his arguments, and, in the end, wound up with:

"Now, sir, I think even you cannot doubt that it was Bacon who wrote the plays of Shakespeare."

"Indeed?" replied Kipling with an unaffected yawn. "That may be, but really, what difference does it make so long as it was an Englishman?"—
Saturday Evening Post.

The first Derby made in America was a
C. & K.



KNAPP-FELT De Luxe hats
are Six Dollars—Knapp-Felts
are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for "The Hatman."

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
BROADWAY, AT THIRTEENTH ST., NEW YORK.

The Best Bitter Liqueur

Underberg
The World's Best
Bitters

Oldest and best
Tonic Cordial. It
stimulates, in-
vigorates and
aids digestion as
nothing else will.

Sold Everywhere.

LUYTIES BROTHERS
U. S. Agents, New York

**You will
find just
what you
want in
Evans' Ale.**

Clark's Cruises of the "Arabic" 16,000 tons

Feb. 4, Orient; Oct. 16, '09, Feb. 5, '10, Cruises Round the World, Fall Tours, '08, Round the World.

F. C. CLARK Times Building, New York



When Johnny comes
Marching home again
With a common
Imitation-



Send Johnny a
Marching back again
With a note of
Explanation-



Look for this
Signature

W. K. Kellogg



Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes "Won its favor through its flavor" — crisp, delicious.